



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 18.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 642.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

HER inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a boor, and ordered it to be educated as an orphan. The gardener's wife quitted Emilia two weeks after her delivery, the Count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery more than three years.

It was at this time that Baron T—, her brother, Major in the Brunswick service, returned from America. He loved his sister sincerely, and Count Z** had been the friend of his early years. He therefore, as soon as possible after his return, obtained leave of absence, for a few months, and returned to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining circle of both sexes, drawn together by the Count's affability and hospitality; he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open. He imagined, however, it might be caused by some little excursion of pleasure. He knocked at the door; a miserable Swiss opened it. "Is your master at home?"—"Yes," replied the porter. "at home, is he?" said the Baron. "Well, so much the better."

He entered: no footman opened the door: no lady's maid tripping forth to meet him; no dog barked; no parrot chattered; all, all dead, as in the habitation of a miser. He walked into the Count's room and found him sitting on a sofa, with his eye rivetted upon Emilia's picture, which hung opposite to him.

Starting, as from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the Baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervour to his heart. At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, for time had converted his grief into melancholy.

"Brother," exclaimed Baron T—, "what means all this? Your house is now no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognise you. Where is that manly bloom, which once adorned your cheek? those frightful looks forebode some terrible calamity.—Where is my sister?"—"Ah!" cried the Count. The Baron started, and hastily demanded—"Is she dead?"—"To me she is dead," returned Gustavus. "Explain yourself," said her brother. "Alas!" cried he, "the grave of her honor was the grave of my peace." Disfigurement lowered upon the Baron's forehead. "Her honor!—Is it possible?—No: it cannot be."—"And yet thus it is," cried the unfortunate deluded Count. Sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words, he related to the friend of youth, to the brother of his still beloved Emilia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, his revenge.

Baron T— stood fixed in gloomy speechless meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. "Forever cursed then," cried he at last, "be the whole hypocritical sex! What can be the look of innocence if Emilia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman un-

worthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth which beckon to you from every side. You have concealed this affair, you have thereby spared the honor of my family, for which I thank you; and now, from this moment Emilia is dead, her name forever banished from our conversation.

Baron T— kept his promise. The name of the Countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wretched form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and, together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk in the city, where noblemen and beggars, and persons of every description, promiscuously paraded; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself upon a stick, "Heavens!" cried he, "see, that is Emilia's confessor."

Baron T— started, looked fearfully towards him, and was silent: "Come, dear T—," said Gustavus, after a pause, "let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him."

He seized the baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will. "Reverend old man," commenced the Count, "whence the sorrow which I see portrayed upon your sorrowful cheek?"—"It is not sorrow, my lord," answered the priest: "I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician, have to day for the first time stepped into the open air."—"I congratulate you," said the Count. "Do you know me?"—"Undoubtedly, my lord, I have the honor of speaking to Count Z**." "True," replied he, "you are speaking to the unfortunate Count Z**, whose misery is to you alone no secret."—"My lord," stammered Anfemo, "pardon me I do not understand you." The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him, "You mean to say you must not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?"—"No, my lord," returned the priest, "I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble excellent lady."—"All in vain, sir, said Gustavus, "all vain; your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I, I myself was concealed in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia confessed to you.—I know that the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed-chamber; I know that he each time escaped while we were at supper. You see, sir, all, all I know. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot."

Anfemo raised his hands and eyes towards heaven. "Almighty providence," exclaimed he, "now do I see why thou hast prolonged my life! Now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer that I might depart to the habita-

tions of peace! Oh! my lord, what have you done? your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildham, the orphan whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid-servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To me she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities."

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood Count Z**, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildham had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed; he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently, agitated stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney-coachman, and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anfemo endeavour to console him, he saw them not; he heard them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and galloped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream; she heard the noise at the gates; she heard them opened and again barred. Hark! The footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery, which led to her prison. Hark! The key clinked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened: the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eyes. See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognised her husband. See! a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognised her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence at length is manifest; of a tender heart which at once recovers all that is dear to it!

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing and asking whether she could ever forgive him. She embraced him—forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his own in dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arms with heart-felt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed in silence the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone, said to her husband, "Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard any thing of them."

In repentant agony the Count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor's wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awoke, and for the first time tinged her palid cheeks again with red.

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded his steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. "No," said Emilia, smiling and throwing her arm round her husband's neck, the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again; these pallid lips will regain their colour; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is---let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, never to condemn his wife upon appearances."

A FRAGMENT ON WOMAN.

***** WHY, indeed, had woman her existence, but to dignify and ennoble it by such superior employments? When does she appear to so much advantage, as when, surrounded in her nursery by a train of prattlers, she is holding forth the moral page for the instruction of one, and pouring out the milk of health to invigorate the frame and constitution of another? When is her snowy bosom half so serene, or when thrills it with such an innocent and pleasing rapture, as in the silent moments of domestic attention, or these attitudes of undisssembled love?--What painter, wandering with a creative fancy o'er all the exhaustless riches of nature, can give us so enchanting and delightful a picture, in so elegant a frame? What pleasures of the lever, the drawing room or the masquerade, can vie in flavor with those more refined maternal satisfactions? And when can woman ever be said to consult the real dignity and happiness of her sex, but when she is thus conscientiously discharging her duty to the man to whom she was pledged, at the altar of her God, her vows and her affections? *****

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

PUBLIUS PISO, the Roman rhetorician, being unwilling to be disturbed with much talk, gave orders to his servants to answer to such questions as he should ask them, and say no more. Having a design to give an entertainment to Clodius (at that time the chief Magistrate of Rome) he ordered him to be invited, and provided a splendid banquet for him, as in all probability he could do no less. At the time appointed, several other guests appeared, only they waited for Clodius's coming, who tarried much longer than was expected, so that Piso sent his servant several times to him to know whether he would be pleased to come to supper or not. At length it grew late, and Piso despaired of his coming---"What," said he to his servant, "did you call him?"---"Yes," replied the servant, "Why then does he not come?"---"Because he told me he would not come."---"Why did you not tell me so before?"---"Because, Sir, you never asked me the question."

FORTUNE WELL BESTOWED.

A young gentleman of Philadelphia who had proved unfortunate in business, and was under the necessity of surrendering his ALL to his creditors, has drawn the three thousand dollars in the St. Augustine Church Lottery. On receiving the pleasing intelligence he hastened to see his creditors, and, in the language of an honest heart announced to each that now he could and would pay them to the "utmost farthing," and added, he was grateful that an opportunity was offered him of convincing them of his intention. The young man is well known, and the circumstance was related by a creditor. We could wish to give his name to the public, but as he is totally ignorant of the publication of this, and as the publication of his name might not be agreeable to him, we will let each enquire "who is the worthy man?" [Philad. paper.]

ANECDOTE.

AN old woman at Wigan, in Lancashire, (England) lately asked the reason of the rise in the price of candles? Being answered that it was all owing to the war---"De'el fetch them," (exclaimed the old woman) ha'n they gotten to foighten by candle light!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES.

Addressed to MISS A*** S*****, occasioned by hearing her sing.

'TIS thine, sweet Maid! with magic skill!
To wake the soul-enchanting lay;
To bid the heart with rapture thrill,
And trembling, own love's pleasing sway!
'Tis thine---with Music's heavenly charm,
To soothe the grief-dissemp'd breast:
'Tis thine---when anxious fears alarm,
To lull the mind to balmy rest!

New-York, Jan. 18, 1801.

CORYDON.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO PATIENCE.

O, PATIENCE! lovely, sweet, angelic fair!
What charms and worth can with thine own compare!
While pains exquisite wreck my feeble frame,
Their tortures cease when I repeat thy name.

PATIENCE! fond maid! descendant from above,
Offspring of reason, source of peace and love!
Bless me, O PATIENCE! with thy winning smiles,
Which soften misery, and the time beguile.

When painful disappointments rend my soul,
Lend thine assistance and my grief control;
Refrain my passions, all my wrath remove,
And fill my heart with virtue, joy and love.

Nov. 26, 1800.

P. H.

SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING THE SNOW STORM.

DARK lowers the storm, the fleecy shower descends,
And blanks the opening beauties of the day;
While I secluded from my lovely friends,
Attempt once more the care-beguiling lay.

But can the muse amid the saddening scene
Of vernal ruins, lift her head and sing---
While hoary winter triumphs o'er the green,
And veils the blooming glories of the Spring?

Can she among the drooping blossoms rove,
And softly warble to the chilly gale---
When all her plumed kindred of the grove,
In mute despair the untimely scene bewail?
She can---while HOPE unlocks her vernal bowers,
Be deck'd with FRIENDSHIP'S amaranthine flowers.

RELIGION.

HAIL, lov'd RELIGION! maid of peaceful eye,
Sweet are thy precepts, all thy paths are joy,
Meekly thou movest---all thy graces round
Fill the wide concave with an heav'nly sound.

Thy song is peaceful, fill'd with truth and love,
Compos'd by Him who reigns alone above.
O, with us ever dwell, that we may prove
The pure delights that spring from social love.

Thy votaries know how thou hast been abus'd,
Thy laws dishonor'd and thy rights misus'd,
They wear thy name who never knew thy worth,
Whose god is power, and their heav'n this earth.

Did Persecution rage? she took thy name,
The haggard hag! and on thee laid the blame.
Did wars arise, and vengeful Kings conspire
'Gainst mankind's rights? they made thee blow the fire.

Sad to relate, thy chosen servants, too,
Have been their dupes, they laid the blame on you!
They FAST, and by their name conceal their deeds;
They PRAY---then murdering hide in holy weeds.

O! come bright day, when thou shalt reign alone;
Mankind united then shall join as one
To curb the lawless, and give power its right,
And feel that they have no command to fight;
But to forgive, be meek, and be forgiven,
Complete the task on earth, and wing their way to heaven.

EPITAPH ON A VERY TROUBLESOME MAN.

HERE lies DAVID SALTER, at his quiet rest;
Lord, let him never rise again, for quietness is best.

FILIAL CRUELTY.

AT an ancient Castle, in one of the most remote parts of Wales, resided a gentleman, who, after a short though severe illness, was reported to have fallen a victim to its violence. His son, a young man of specious manners, mourned the event with the most filial concern; but, after devoting a certain time to grief and lamentation, emerged from retirement into the gaieties of life.

Several years elapsed without any circumstance arising that could create suspicions as to the sincerity of his grief, when accident introduced him to an old friend of his father's, whom he appeared absolutely delighted at having found. As the meeting took place at a neighboring gentleman's house, young Cadwallader, inquired upon their going to his castle, and, in compliment to the memory of his deceased father, he made a sumptuous entertainment for his old favorite. Mirth and good-humor decked the board, and the guests, delighted with the hospitality they received, thought not of retiring until the midnight hour.

As the young man wished to pay particular attention to the object on whom his father had placed his regard, he conducted him to the apartment prepared for his reception, and after bewailing the loss he had formerly sustained, and lamenting the death of a beloved parent, informing the gentleman that the bed he was to sleep on was that on which his father had expired.

Though the wine had exhilarated the stranger's spirit, yet the recollection of his deceased friend's virtues naturally tended to lower and depress them; as soon as he was in bed he imperceptibly fell into a train of thinking upon the shortness and instability of human existence. From the turn of ideas he was suddenly roused, by perceiving the chamber-door open with precaution, and a tall, thin, emaciated figure enter, whose person was encompassed in a tattered blanket.

Amazement, at first, suspended his faculties, and he remained transfixed with terror and amazement. These sensations gradually abated, and he calmly examined the features: those of his lost friend were imprinted on the countenance; but, alas! how altered---how faded! changed!---Whilst gazing upon the form with a mixture of grief and surprize, how must he have been astonished to hear it exclaim, in the tone of feebleness and delight---"A fire!---oh, the comfort of a fire!---and immediately sprang forward to enjoy the influence of it?"

Unable to account for what he saw, believing it to be the spirit of his departed friend, how must his apprehensions have been increased, by perceiving it turn its eyes wildly towards the bed, and again exclaim---"A bed, yes, my own bed!---and again will I enjoy its refreshing comforts!"---then suddenly turning from the fire, threw itself by the side of the astonished stranger, who stretching out his hand to discover whether it was a shadow or a substance which had so thoroughly alarmed him, found it was the person of his long lost friend!

The readers will here foresee the conclusion of the narrative---they will behold the father restored to those passions, of which the depravity of his son had deprived him, and picture that son to their astonished imaginations loaded with infamy and disgrace! They will likewise perceive the hand of Heaven, in bringing that son to justice through the carelessness and intoxication of his father's keeper.

TRAIT OF OLD TIMES.

IN such high esteem was practical agriculture held by the ancient Romans, that they resented the slightest offer to the profession of it, of which the following instance remains on record: Scipio Nafica, being a candidate for the place of Curule Edile, meeting a plain countryman took him by the hand, and asked him for his vote; finding his hand very hard, "Prishee friend," says "dost thou walk on thy hands?" Which so chagrined the countryman, that he complained of the affront, which Scipio lost the Edileship.

ANECDOTE.

A Famous usurer, in France, during his illness frequently fell into fainting fits, which exhibited the appearance of immediate dissolution. His friends, by great attention, and by calling in very able physicians, for some time protracted his life, and procured to the patient symptoms returning health. One of these his confessor thought good opportunity of reminding the sick man of his proscribing fate. To effect this pious intention, he placed before the eyes of the expiring usurer a silver crucifix he surveyed the cross with minute attention, and suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following is the conclusion of CAMPBELL's elegant Poem, of "The Pleasures of Hope."

ETERNAL HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to found the march of time,
The joyous youth began--but not to fade,
When all the sifter planets have decay'd,
When, rapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undimay'd, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1801.

FIRE.

About 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning a Fire broke out in the house occupied by Joseph Strong, Esq. in John Street, which was consumed; the adjoining building, occupied by Mr. Kains as a Grocery store, was almost entirely demolished, and a considerable damage done to the Bake-house of Mr. Gallilee, in Cliff street, before its progress was arrested. The flames originated in the lower part of the house; and so furious were they in extending their ravages after the first discovery, that the lives of the occupants were threatened with imminent danger; a lady in the second story had the courage and presence of mind, being her only resource, to leap from thence into the arms of one of the firemen, which she effected without injury. The Fire Company no. 8, in a very few minutes, fixed their leaders at the head of the dock, and conveyed the water by suction from the river with great force into the other engines, at the corner of Pearl-street, a distance of 60 feet, in such quantities as to give a supply to the other engines; and in the space of nearly an hour the fire was happily got under without having, to our knowledge, done any other personal injury than severely scorching the neck of a negro girl who lived as a servant in one of the houses which were destroyed, and throwing a young man into convulsions with the terror of his situation.

A bill is before the House of Assembly of this State for amending the great Senatorial Districts for the choice of Senators; and a bill to restrict the State for the choice of Federal Electors. A motion is also before the house, to change the mode prescribed by law for our annual State Election.

THE TREATY RATIFIED.

Letters to respectable houses in this city, received from Washington, mention that the Senate have ratified the convention with France, excepting the second Article, and giving it to eight years.

Intelligence was received in town on Thursday, by a letter from Washington, that SAMUEL DEXTER, Esq. late Secretary of War, is nominated by the President to carry the Executive of the French Republic, the Convention which has been just ratified by the Senate; and that he will receive instructions from the Government to treat on the subject of the second article as it originally stood; on its revision; and on any other controversial point which the negotiation may have left unadjusted.

We understand that the President of the United States has summoned the Senate to meet in the Senate Chamber, on Wednesday the 4th of March next.

It is with regret we mention the loss of the schooner *Indivisible*, Capt. LITTLE, loaded with a very valuable cargo of sugar and logwood, belonging to Messrs. M. & M. Forbes, of this city. This vessel left Cape-Fran on the 31st ult. and on Sunday night last, when running for the light-house, a sudden squall of snow came on. Before the crew could get the vessel about, she struck on the sands. Assistance went from town, and every effort appeared of getting her off without damage, when a violent gale and snow storm from the N. E. on Tuesday, rendered every effort vain. The crew (except a boy, who perished) saved themselves by jumping into the sea, and were taken up on the beach and preserved, by the fortunate arrival of additional assistance from town. About 17 mariners been almost miraculously saved from being with frost, for the cold was so intense as to freeze water as it fell, at a distance of one mile and a half from the light-house, where they found little or no success, either of food or clothing.

LATEST FROM INDIA.

Salem, February 2.

Capt. Joseph Ropes, who arrived at this port on Wednesday night last from India, has politely favoured us with the following Important Intelligence: He visited Madras and Sumatra. He left Madras on the 3d of August, previously to which, the expedition under Admiral Rayner, said to have been designed against Manila or Batavia, had been countermanded, and the troops and stores had been reloaded from the transports in consequence of very alarming disturbances in the Myfore country, where an enterprising officer, formerly in the service of Tippoo Sultan, had collected an army consisting of 30,000 men, and had surprised a fort which the English held in that country, and had destroyed every soul in the fort, supposed to be 1000 men. The capital of Myfore is near Seringapatam, and the country was part of the dominions, which Hyder Ally shared with the Nabob of Arcot. It is 623 miles from Bombay, 306 from Madras and 1218 from Calcutta.

Capt. Ropes arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in company with the British packet *Apollo*, and the captain of the packet informed him, that he left Madras on the 11th September, and that the officer in the Myfore Country has had three engagements with the English Army, in all of which the English had been successful. But that the officer of the late Tippoo still continues to recruit his forces, and was considered as a very formidable enemy.

The disturbances between the English and the Caffres at the Cape of Good Hope still continue,--1500 English Troops were sent against the Caffres in the back country, when capt. Ropes left the Cape.

BRATTLEBOROUGH, (Vermont,) Jan. 3.

We learn from Cheshirefield, that a Mr. Whitney was killed yesterday, by a ball discharged from a gun. The following are the particulars received here:--Mr. Whitney was firing his saw, at a camp where shingles had been made, when a man in pursuit of foxes came up within about ten rods, and hearing the fire, he imagined the motion of Mr. W's head, and the noise he made, to resemble those of his hound in the act of worrying an animal; he immediately fired at something which appeared like a fox, and the ball passed through the head of Mr. Whitney. A Jury sat all day upon the body, but we have not heard their verdict. The deceased has left a wife and family to lament him. If this accident does not operate as a warning, it will be very dangerous for laborers to work in forests.

The following is an extract from the Will of John Gofs, late of the city of Bristol, England, mariner, deceased, proved May 10 1799: "My executor to pay out of the first monies collected, unto my beloved wife Hester Gofs, (if living) the sum of One Shilling, which I give her as a token of my love, that she may buy hazle nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than mending stockings."

In Paris, two ladies lately fought a duel with knives, and so furious and sanguinary was the contest that both the wretches have since died of their wounds.

CHARITY.

How great are the comforts that charity brings!
More sweet than the pomp and riches of Kings;
It gladdens the giver, when distress he relieves,
And the pleasures of heav'n, on earth, he receives.

THEATRE.

THE AUTHOR'S NIGHT.

On Monday evening, February 16th, will be presented A TRAGEDY, (third time) called,

ABAELLINO, the Great Bandit.

With new Dresses and Decorations.

To which will be added, a favorite Farce called,

**Modern Antiques,
OR, THE MERRY MOURNERS.**

UNITED STATES COUNTRY DANCES,

FOR SALE, At No. 80 Broad-Way, and at John Harrison's Book-Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Upholsterer's Business---enquire at this office. Nov. 29. 31st

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL! ev'ry pair whom love unites,
In HYMEN's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing of the wife!

MARRIED

On Sunday evening the 1st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. WILLIAM WILLIS, of this city, to Miss ANN DRISCOLL, of Stonington, Connecticut.

On Saturday evening, the 24th ult. at Albany, by the Rev. John Romeyn, Mr. LAWRENCE L. VAN KLEECK, of Poughkeepsie, merchant, to Miss ALIDA VAN RENS-SALAER, of that city.

On Sunday evening, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. RICHARD BENNET, of this city, to Miss ELIZA JACKSON, of Wallabout, (L. I.)

On Sunday evening the 21st inst. at Staten Island, by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, Mr. SELLECK OSBORN, printer, of this city, to Miss SALLY BETTS, of Elizabeth-Town.

On Monday evening the 2d inst. at Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, JOSEPH ALSTON, Esq. of South Carolina, to Miss THEODOSIA BURR, only child of Aaron Burr, Esq.

On Thursday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. PETER MORRISON, merchant, to Miss MARY GRAHAM both of this city.

Same evening, at Newark, by the Rev. Dr. Mac Whorter, Mr. DANIEL BROWN, to Miss ABIGAIL CONGAR, both of that town.

On Sunday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. ABRAHAM DAY, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE BLANCH, of New Jersey.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. HENRY CROSEY, of L. I. to Miss MARY JENKINS, of this city.

The Marriage of Mr. D. RIKER, inserted in our last, we are requested to contradict.

PICKED UP ADRIFT.

On the 9th inst. near Collier's Hook, East River, a SHIP'S LONG BOAT, about sixteen feet long. The owner, on proving property and paying charges, may have her again, by applying at no. 21 Batavia-lane.

JAMES MULLENEX.

Feb. 13th, 1801.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS SOLD, REGISTERED and EXAMINED at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801.

For Sale as above, an extensive assortment of

Books,

Consisting of
HISTORY, DIVINITY, MISCELLANY,
BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, &c.

Mahogany.

St. Domingo MAHOGANY, for sale in Boards, Plank and Joice, by THOMAS TIMPSON, Nov. 15. No. 25 John-street.

WHEREAS James Leggett, formerly of the county of Dutchess, late of the city and county of New York deceased, did, while living, by his last will and testament, appoint Martha Worden, Executrix, to settle the estate of the said James Leggett, now deceased; and the said Martha Worden being duly authorized, does hereby request all persons who have any demands against said estate, to exhibit them for settlement, at No. 112 Washington-street, and on the other hand, all those who are any ways indebted to said estate, are hereby called upon to make immediate payment. MARTHA WORDEN, Executrix. New-York, Nov. 29, 1800. 31--1f

TWO or three Apprentices wanted to a good business--- Enquire No. 7 Beekman-Slip. Nov. 29.

A WOMAN, with a good breast of milk, wishes a place as Wet Nurse---Enquire of the Printer. Feb. 7.

COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

KISSING GOES BY FAVOR.

THO' this world is a clear contradiction,
And consistency forms us scarce ever;
Yet in one thing we ne'er find deception,
Which is, Kissing alone goes by favor.

If Ambition's the road we'd pursue,
And hope for success in th' endeavor,
This maxim must still be in view,
The best kissing alone goes by favor.

Love and Friendship, those sweet'ners of life,
Are uninfused by int'rest, Oh! never;
The prude and coquette (to my grief,)
Teach me, kissing alone goes by favor.

E'en Virtue, fair daughter of Heav'n!
To her vot'ries is partial for ever,
For to none is her influence giv'n,
But to those whom her kiss is a favor.

But in love, if virtue's not blended,
Oh! let me ne'er feel it, no never;
For here all fond friendship is ended,
And a million of smacks is no favor.

February 4.

STREPHON.

SOLDIER'S RETURN.

'Twas in the evening of a wintry day,
When, safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen, o'ercoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown:
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn;
His tatter'd countenances about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd, by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
Ah! why did I escape the murdering shot?

When this she heard, her wonted colour fled,
She ran, and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
All pale, a while she look'd like one that's dead;
He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love confess'd.

Oh! my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long lost husband, and my wish'd-for mate!

ANECDOTE.

A Certain Counsellor alike famous for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause he undertook, provided his fee was proportionable, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided he got him clear off; the pleader managed so dexteriously, that he saved the rogue from the gallows, and the client, to shew his gratitude, hastened to his house as soon as he was freed, and paid a thousand crowns. The Counsellor, in return for so generous a client, solicited the favor of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, farther invited him to take a bed; which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony, bound and gagged him, re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, containing much gold, with which, (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph. If we screen a villain at the expense of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return but ingratitude.

PICKED UP ADRIFT,

ON the 19th of November last, between the Old Slip and Governor's Island, a SHIP'S YAWL, no paint on her bottom, and entirely plain; between 16 and 18 feet keel, Whoever owns said boat, may have her again by paying charges, on applying to EBER MEAD, in Henry-street, above Charlotte-street.

Feb. 7. 41 31

MORALIST.

PREJUDICE.

THE faculties of the human mind, in its primeval state, were pure, were undefiled; Virtue shone conspicuously brilliant; truth and equity were not rendered contemptible by evil propensities. But now base and destructive passions obtrude, accompanied by all the evils of prejudice, that bane of our felicity---that subverter of liberality--- Prejudice is a rash judgment, formed before a thing is duly weighed or thoroughly considered. It is a determined enemy to truth: it biases the inclination before we can be capable of using our reason. Thus it guards all the passions from conviction, and closes all the avenues by which the soul might arrive at impartial conclusions. It causes much uneasiness, by inducing us to declaim against things we do not understand, and which we never could canvass; thereby causing us to act very ridiculous and contemptible.

Whenever any person or thing is presented to view, it determines, at the first appearance, either for or against; and when once the sentence is passed, however erroneously given, the most potent arguments are seldom sufficient to cause it to be reversed. Good qualities are often extolled too high; and imperfections are so gilded as to give them the aspect of virtue. It urges us to demonstrate that to be right, which is most agreeable to our inclination, whether it be in itself right or wrong.

BY order of his Honor Richard Varick, Esq. Mayor of the city of New-York, notice is hereby given, to all the Creditors of Charles Gobert, of the said city, Merchant, Insolvent Debtor, to shew cause if any they have, at the Court of Common Pleas called the Mayor's Court, to be held at the City Hall of the city of New-York, before the Judges of the same Court, on Tuesday the seventeenth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, why an assignment of the said Charles Gobert's estate should not be made, and be discharged, according to the act for giving relief in cases of insolvency. Dated the thirty first day of January, 1801.

CHARLES GOBERT, Insolvent.

Peter Kemble, (surviving partner of Gouverneur and Kemble) one of the petitioning creditors.

FOR SALE,

THAT valuable LOT OF GROUND, corner of Harman and East Rutgers-street, near the new Presbyterian Church. The Lot is 90 feet in length on Harman-street, and 27 feet in breadth on Rutgers-street, with the privilege of a gang-way of 10 feet, in the rear, in Harman-street. There is a pump of excellent water within a few feet of the premises. Also, two Lots of Ground at the head of Second-street, 25 feet in front and rear, and 37 1-2 feet deep, bounded by the ground of Alexander M'Grigor. For particulars enquire at No 50 Broad-street Jan. 31 if

TO THE LADIES.

In Doct. TURNER you have an honorable protecting friend, on whom you may rely, in all cases whatever, especially in the art of Obstetrics,

The denounced sufferings of your amiable sex, are greatly mitigated and made easy by his peculiar mode of attention and management, his long experience, &c. &c.

He remains at Capt Seth Harding's in Water Street, near Fly Market, No 147, where he holds himself in readiness to wait on all occasions of the science of Physic and Surgery, He wishes to visit the most miserable and distressed.

Feb. 7

641 1f.

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Containing the GAME OF DRAUGHTS, in Twelve Select Games, with some critical situations to win games, with the table annexed. To which is added, THE GAME OF WHIST, abridged from Hoyle.

DOMESTIC INFORMATION

Of the greatest importance to Families and Individuals. Sold at No 137 Front-Street, at No 94 Chatham-street, and at the Printing-Office, No. 320 Pearl-street, New-York. February 7. 41

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,

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TO SCHOOL-MASTERS.

FURNITURE for a School-Room, for sale:---enquire of the printer. Jan. 24.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

The subscribers and others, are respectfully informed, that by the last arrival, an assortment of the latest publications has been received and added to the library, for the benefit of the readers---and among others.

Select Eulogies of Members of the French Academy with Notes, by the late M. D'Alembert, translated by Allen. M. D. containing among other Eulogies, that of Maffillon, Abbe de St. Pierre, Buffonnet, Boileau, F. cheere, Fleury, La Motte, &c. &c.

Constantia Neville; or the West-Indian, a Novel, vols. by Helena Wells.

The History of Rinaldo Rinaldini, translated from German. 3 vols.

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Tales of the Abbey, founded on historical facts, by Kendall, author of Derwent Priory, Castle on the Rock, &c.

To accommodate the readers, some more copies Mordaunt, and Andrew Stuart, are also received. Jan. 17 W. BARLAS

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Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.